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FROM

James A. Fox

THE TWO CIVILIZATIONS

AN ORATION

BY

HON. JAMES A. FOX

THE MAYOR OF CAMBRIDGE

May 30, 1882.

Sarony, Photo. Forbes Albertype.

James A. Fox

MAYOR OF CAMBRIDGE.

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THE TWO CIVILIZATIONS

AN ORATION

By His Honor

JAMES AUGUSTUS FOX

THE MAYOR OF CAMBRIDGE

DECORATION DAY, MAY 30, 1882

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
MOSES KING, PUBLISHER
HARVARD SQUARE
1882

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~~U.S.6098.6~~

1882. Nov. 10,
Gift of
Hon. James A. Fox,
Mayor of Cambridge,

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

MAYOR FOX'S oration was delivered the first time on Decoration Day, May 30, 1882, on the Soldiers' Lot, in the Cambridge Cemetery, where it was most enthusiastically received by one of the largest and most attentive gatherings which ever assembled on that cherished spot.

It created so much favorable comment that an earnest appeal by a great number of all classes of citizens, as well as the three Grand Army Posts, was made to his Honor the Mayor to repeat his oration.

In compliance with this appeal, Mayor Fox delivered the oration the second time; this time on Sunday evening, June 4, 1882, in Union Hall, Cambridge. And here the auditorium was densely packed, while hundreds were unable to even find standing-room. The audience was one of the

largest, most interested, and most enthusiastic that the hall has ever held.

Since then there have been many urgent requests for copies of the oration; and it is in response to these requests that the publisher has thought it advisable to publish it in its present form, which he trusts will meet the wants of the community.

MOSES KING.

HARVARD SQUARE,
Aug. 26, 1882.

Headquarters Memorial Day Committee, G. A. R.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., June 7, 1882.

HON. JAMES A. FOX: —

Dear Sir and Comrade, — At a meeting of the Memorial Day Committee, representing Posts 30, 56, and 57, G. A. R., of this city, held last evening, it was unanimously

Voted, That the thanks of this Committee be tendered to the Hon. JAMES A. FOX, for the able, instructive, and eloquent Oration delivered by him at the Cambridge Cemetery on Memorial Day, May 30, 1882.

Also, that we express to him our deep-felt gratitude for his great kindness in repeating the Oration before the citizens of Cambridge, at Union Hall, Sunday evening, June 4; the success of which was an event long to be remembered in the history of the Grand Army of the Republic of Cambridge.

We feel, dear comrade, in thus thanking you, how feebly we express the kindly sentiments of your comrades of Cambridge, not only for your much-appreciated

services upon these occasions, but for your valuable and substantial aid rendered to our organization in the past.

Again thanking you for your many kindnesses, assuring you that we will ever hold them in grateful remembrance, and with earnest wishes for your continued good health and prosperity, we gladly subscribe ourselves

Yours fraternally,

GEO. S. EVANS,	WM. H. EVELETH,	THOS. MONTGOMERY,
JOHN KINNEAR,	D. T. DUHIG,	J. C. DRISCOLL,
P. ALLEN LINDSEY,	EDMUND MILES,	A. M. LUNT,
JOHN W. WALKER,	F. L. ROBERTS,	JOHN S. KENNEY,
Post 30.	*Post 56.*	*Post 57.*

E. J. DOLAN, *Chairman.*

J. E. BARROWS, *Secretary.*

JONAS F. CAPELLE, *Treasurer.*

THE TWO CIVILIZATIONS.

AN ORATION.

ANOTHER year, with its joys and sorrows, its trials and yet greater pleasures, has rolled around; and the welcome springtime has brought, with its blossoms and flowers, and promises of autumnal harvest, the day set apart by the Grand Army of the Republic to commemorate the glorious deeds of more than four hundred thousand patriotic soldiers, whose lives were offered up as sacrifices on the altar of their country, that the Union of the States might be preserved intact, and the formation on this great continent of a Confederacy whose whole foundation would have been the institution of human slavery thereby prevented.

And although their precious remains lie buried in

the God's-acre of every city, village, and hamlet throughout the Northern States, in the great national cemeteries, and on all the battle-fields from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, and notwithstanding two decades have come and gone, yet loving comrades and a grateful people are still glad to unite in garlanding their graves with tender hands.

This *later* May Day was one of happy choice; for at this auspicious season the flowers are generally in full bloom all over our broad land, and thus kind Nature seems to join the throng that this day honors the fallen brave.

No more apt or beautiful tribute has ever been paid to heroes who have fallen in defence of their country than that of the poet Collins, in one of his graceful odes; and it most fittingly applies to an occasion like the present: —

> "How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
> By all their country's wishes blessed!
> When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
> Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
> She there shall dress a sweeter sod
> Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there!"

The time has assuredly now come when, the passions evoked by the excited state of the country for a few years previous to, during, and after the war of the Rebellion having subsided, and the Southern States having entered upon a career of prosperity and development greater than would ever have been possible under their former institutions, we may take a calm, candid, but brief review, not only of the progress, cost, and suffering of the war, but also of the underlying and long-devised causes of it.

It is a very significant fact, that in the ever memorable year 1620 two distinct and entirely opposite systems of civilization and development were planted on the American shores; for during the month of August of that year a Dutch ship sailed up the James River, Virginia, with twenty African slaves on board, who, being purchased by the colonists, were,

with their offspring, thenceforth held in complete servitude. In just four months afterwards, in the bleak December, and on the rocky shore of Plymouth in this old Commonwealth, there landed from the little vessel "Mayflower" as brave and devout a band of men and women as ever went forth to subdue and settle the earth in any time or any place.

Yes, it is indeed, as Henry Wilson says, "a singular and mysterious Providence, that within so brief a period of the landing of the precious human freight of learning, piety, and Christian civilization from the 'Mayflower,' there should also have been brought to this continent by that ill-starred Dutch vessel, with its burden of wretchedness and woe, the seeds of a system destined, after a struggle of two hundred and forty years for development and dominion, to light the fires of civil war, and at last to perish in the flames its own hand had kindled."

Thus the institution of slavery was planted. And from that time it grew with the growth and strengthened with the strength of the colonies, and ultimately spread itself over all the original thirteen States: although the habits of thrift and honest independence

as to manual labor, climatic influences, and the free Christian civilization, of the people of the Northern colonies opposed the existence of the institution, even in a very mild form; and it was gradually abolished in all of these colonies above Maryland and Delaware by the time of the American Revolution.

The production of tobacco, rice, and indigo was greatly stimulated by slave labor; and a considerable wealth was thereby created for Southern planters. These agricultural interests demanded more laborers; and, under the influence of the English government, for many years previous to the Revolution, *the foreign slave-trade* was carried on to a great extent; but its final abolition was made one of the famous compromises of our Constitution, and it was therein solemnly provided that after the year 1808 it should cease. And even then America was in advance of all other countries on the face of the earth in fixing a time certain for the cessation of a traffic which had been pursued for three hundred and sixty years in the world. At the time of the abolition of the foreign traffic in slaves, the culture of cotton became a great factor in agricultural and commercial enter-

prises, especially by reason of the invention by Eli Whitney of the cotton-gin, by which the seeds of the plant were taken from the fibre by an expeditious process, whereas it formerly had to be done slowly and by hand-labor. The South grew rapidly in wealth and political power by reason of the great impetus thus given to the culture of what they called King Cotton; and, while the Northern States grew in wealth also, the political importance of the Southern States had been assured from the very foundation of the government. Owing to the ratio of representation as fixed by the Constitution, — five slaves counting as three white persons, — the South had relatively to the North a much larger representation in Congress.

Many true-hearted Christian men all through the Northern States, to whom slavery was abhorrent, became early aroused at the increasing importance of the slave power, which had so firmly intrenched itself, not only in the governmental policy of the country through successive administrations, but even in the very Constitution itself; for, while the word "slave" was never in terms once mentioned, yet it was clearly

intended in several instances. So it is no wonder that this small, but honest, class of men agitated for its abolition, certainly for some Congressional or Constitutional restriction as definitive of its rights, powers, and future policy. They had the courage of their convictions; and, though small in numbers, they were strong in their cause. Yet, as they were very decidedly in a political minority, and a portion of them working only in the distinct field of moral reform, and many of them non-resistants at that, the South surely had little or nothing to apprehend from the encroachments upon their rights from this source by Congressional action or Constitutional amendment. The foremost man of all this band was the remarkable William Lloyd Garrison; and he was of the body I have just mentioned, who did not even vote, and was a non-resistant. The brilliant Wendell Phillips, John Greenleaf Whittier, the poet, and others who might be named, were the supporters of his theories. There was another class of political anti-slavery reformers and statesmen, such as Salmon P. Chase, William H. Seward, Joshua R. Giddings, Charles Sumner, Henry Wilson, Gerrit Smith, John G. Pal-

frey, John P. Hale, Horace Greeley, Ralph Wa
Emerson, John A. Andrew, Anson Burlingame, Geo
W. Julian, William Pitt Fessenden, and many othe
as grand and true a set of men as any of our Re
lutionary statesmen. These labored in the politi
field for many years by Constitutional methods, a
were prominent in "the sharp conflicts and hea
discussions of the days of strife" which preceded t
war.

Perhaps this picture would be incomplete, did
fail to sketch the features of one brave, heroic
man, who gave up his life, needlessly it must
admitted, but yet courageously and well. John Bro
seemed like one of the old Hebrew prophets, f
seeing, denunciatory, and faithful; and if ever a m
had the *triple* courage of his convictions, it was
In the autumn of 1859, with a little band of o
nineteen men, white and colored, armed and equipp
for war, he seized the United-States Armory bui
ings at Harper's Ferry, Virginia, and for thirty ho
held the same, while the people of the "Old I
minion" trembled for their cherished institution, a
the North thrilled with admiration for such herois

and with sympathy for the object he had at heart, but repudiation for the methods he employed. He died upon the gallows, but with the conscious satisfaction that he was right in the eyes of God and all just men. I may say with our own eloquent Wendell Phillips, "*His words were stronger than his arms; and while the echoes of his rifles died away among the hills of Virginia, his words were guarded by a million hearts.*" And when the great uprising came, the loyal soldiers of the Republic seemed to connect in thought the sacred idea for which he labored and died with that for which *they* were fighting. And as regiment after regiment marched in triumph over the land of the bondman, from the Potomac to the Gulf, John Brown's soul marching on was ever with them, inspiring their hearts as they tramped, tramped, tramped to the glad refrain, "Glory, glory, hallelujah!"

While I do not propose to go into a minute history of the "peculiar institution," as it was called, I will very cursorily glance at the main features of the great reformatory and political struggle which for some forty years preceded and led up to the final conflict of arms. The great events which had a controlling influence in

arousing throughout the free States a feeling ant
onistic to slavery were, the annexation of Texas
1845, which was a measure intended to promote t
extension of slavery; the great agitation of 18
attending the passage of the Compromise Measur
including especially the Fugitive Slave Act; the ab
gation of the Missouri Compromise, which opened
to the possible dominion of Slavery a vast and fert
domain already solemnly consecrated to Freedom; t
atrocities in Kansas, and other less prominent matte
In these political struggles, Freedom and Slavery gr
pled for the mastery. Freedom temporarily lost grou
and Slavery advanced from conquest to conquest.

About the year 1856 a political party was organiz
whose principles were the non-extension of slavery i
territory then free; believing that to be a great pol
cal evil and a moral wrong, and that it ought in just
not to be farther extended or increased. This was t
clear, square position of the Republican party of t
country. It did not propose to interfere with Slave
in the States where it then existed constitutionally; b
it determined, if possible, "to arrest the further spre
of it, and place it where the public mind should rest

the belief that it might be in the course of ultimate extinction."

The precipitating cause of the condition of affairs immediately preceding the war was the breaking-up of the Democratic party, and the utter refusal of the extreme Southerners of that period to concede any thing whatever to the Northern portion of that once powerful, influential, and dominant organization. Two separate nominations were made in 1860 for President, by members of this great party; viz., Breckenridge of Kentucky for the Southern, and Douglas of Illinois for the Northern wing. To these was added a fourth nomination, made by the Constitutional Union Party, a new independent organization in the interests of peace and harmony, and led by most eminent and patriotic citizens. The nominations made were John Bell of Tennessee, and Edward Everett of Massachusetts, for President and Vice-President.

The result of the canvass, which profoundly stirred the whole country, was the election of Abraham Lincoln to the office of President of the United States. This was seized upon by the South as a pretext for secession, disunion, and rebellion; and in so doing,

never was the truth of the ancient declaration, "Whom the gods mean to destroy they first make mad," made more clearly manifest.

In this connection I will mention a very singular circumstance, as showing what the intention of the South really was thirty years before the war. In the year 1836 there was secretly and anonymously published, in our national capital, a book entitled "The Partisan Leader," in which the Southern side of the case is stated in significant terms; and under the fascinating form of a novel, the war, as it actually took place, was substantially and prophetically described. That book was suppressed; the time being found too early to indicate so clearly the revolution thus skilfully projected in the book, particularly when so honest and patriotic a man as Andrew Jackson, Southerner though he was, occupied the presidential chair. It was singularly dated in 1856, twenty years ahead of its actual publication, — just the very year when the first definite political issue was made between the North and the South on the slavery question by the contest for the Presidency between Colonel Fremont, "the gallant pathfinder of the Rocky Mountains," and James Buchanan.

So it would seem, and in fact there is little doubt, that the South had long projected and too well prepared for secession and disunion; because no such gigantic rebellion, with such sinews of war and long-continued persistency for four mortal years, could have organized such armies, and kept them in the field, merely upon the instant of the first reverse in political sentiment, or loss of power on the part of the South.

And this *was* the first reverse; for down to that time the South had had the control of the executive, judicial, and legislative branches of the government. To particularize: There were sixty years of Southern Presidents to twenty-four on the part of the North. Of the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, there had been eighteen from the slaveholding States, and but eleven from the North. While the South always had a majority of the court, fully four-fifths of the judicial business came from the free States. In Congress, too, the South had had twenty-three Speakers of the House of Representatives, while we had but twelve; although a majority of the Representatives, from the greater population, were from the North. In fact, they generally secured the Speaker; because he,

to a great extent, shaped and controlled the legislative policy of the country. And while three-fourths of the business of the country demanding diplomatic agencies abroad had arisen from the free-labor States, the South held the principal embassies, as well as a large majority of the higher offices of the army and navy.

In view of all this, and much more that could be cited, well might Alexander H. Stephens ask the South, as he did, "For what purpose will you break up this Union, established by our common ancestry, cemented and built up by their sweat and blood, and founded on the broad principles of justice and humanity?"

During the winter next succeeding the election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency, and before his inauguration, the slaveholding States began to call illegal conventions, — illegal because the object of such important conventions was not stated in the calls for them; at which assemblies, without proper notice, discussion, and consideration, — in fact, with most indecent haste (considering the magnitude of the subject, and the results involved), the Southern heart was fired most wickedly, and the secession of the States precipitated upon the people, and a nominal forcing out

of these States from the Union made by a bold set of political misleaders, conspirators, and enemies even of their own people.

Under the influence of the great and patriotic statesmen of the country, including Clay, Cass, Everett, Dix, Crittenden, Douglas, and above all our own peerless statesman and orator, Daniel Webster, the sentiment of national unity was strong, uppermost, and all-pervading through the free States; and the very idea of a dissolution of the Union, though with the slaveholding States, was revolting, and not to be countenanced for a single moment by the great mass of the people. Under Webster's powerful influence the hearts of the people were inspired with a deep, heroic feeling of nationality, and an ardent, self-sacrificing devotion to the indissoluble Union of the States. Never was a grander sentiment uttered by patriot, statesman, or orator, than that immortal conclusion to the most celebrated parliamentary speech ever delivered, and still so dear to every American heart, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

It was during the dark period of 1850, — and it *was* dark indeed, — that our loyal and lovable citizen

and poet, Mr. Longfellow, composed that beautiful poem "The Building of the Ship;" at the conclusion of which he struck his harp for a song of peace and hope, and it vibrated in that glorious apostrophe, just and prophetic, to the American Union, which, it always seemed to me, did much towards arresting the wild passions of the extremists of that time: —

"Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'T is of the wave and not the rock;
'T is but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale.
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,

Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, — are all with thee!"

On the twelfth day of April, 1861, Fort Sumter, a national stronghold, named for a gallant general of the Revolution, and built for the protection of the city of Charleston, South Carolina, garrisoned by a little band of brave defenders, — a single company of United-States troops, — with the national ensign floating above its ramparts, was fired upon by the Secessionists of that State, and, after a fierce bombardment of twenty-four hours, *forced* to capitulate.

This insult to the American flag created universal amazement and indignation. It aroused the people of the loyal States with unparalleled alacrity. "The Star-spangled Banner," as the emblem of national unity, was flung out from a million buildings in every State of the North, as an evidence of stern resolve to save the Union at all hazards.

"Banners from balcony, banners from steeple,
Banners from house to house draping the people;
Banners upborne by all — men, women, and children, —
Banners at all points, flashing bewildering."

This uprising of the people was a sublime spectacle. Nothing like it had been seen since the days of the Crusades. As Christian Europe then rallied under the cry, "*God wills it!*" to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the Saracen, so rallied the loyal North in the belief that God indeed willed it so with them, and that his hand would carry us through in the righteous contest for Union, Human Progress, and Universal Freedom.

It was with a thrill of horror and sorrow that they beheld their brethren at the South, of the same blood and citizenship, so lost to patriotism, to friendship, and good policy, as to thus open a warfare upon a national fort, built in part by Northern means to protect themselves from a foreign enemy, and to trail the dear old banner in the dust, which had waved in glory over the heads of the people and the armies of the United States from the American Revolution to that day.

The President on the 15th of April issued a call for seventy-five thousand men for the term of three months, for the purpose, as he stated it, of suppressing the rebellion, and of repossessing the forts, places,

and property which had been seized from the Union. What followed that call, we know full well; "for part of it we were, and all of it we saw." What an instantaneous and enthusiastic response was made on every hand! Cambridge and old Middlesex repeated the story of Lexington and Concord, and were promptly in the field. The President's call for volunteers was made on the 15th of April; Governor Andrew's order was dated on the 16th; and on the morning of the 17th, Captain James P. Richardson, with his company of Cambridge men, reported for duty at the State House in Boston, having in its ranks ninety-five members.

And thus to Cambridge rightfully belongs the honor of organizing the first company of militia in the United States which was enlisted expressly for the defence of the government in the war of the Rebellion.

The Massachusetts Sixth, belonging in this ancient county, was promptly sent to Washington to assist in protecting the National Capitol, and while passing through Baltimore, on the never-to-be-forgotten 19th of April, was attacked by an infuriate mob. Three

soldiers of the regiment were killed, and one mortally wounded. Thus history repeated itself; and as on the 19th of April, 1775, the blood of Middlesex first moistened the greensward at Lexington, so again on that memorable date in 1861, in the streets of Baltimore, the blood of Middlesex was the first that was shed in defence of the priceless heritage transmitted by our Revolutionary sires.

There were now but two political parties in the country, — Unionists and Secessionists, — Patriots and Traitors. The issue tendered by the South was joined by the North, and the final settlement of the question of Liberty and Union was left to "the stern arbitrament of war." I will not go over the history of the long struggle, but for many weary days and months and years the war dragged slowly on. Partial victory or virtual defeat seemed ever to attend the advance of the Union armies. How the young, the good, the brave, were sacrificed, we may learn by the thousands who sleep in eternal bivouac near the great battle-fields.

On the 22d of September, 1862, President Lincoln issued a provisional proclamation, declaring that, if the

rebels did not lay down their arms within one hundred days, or by the first of the next January, slavery should be abolished as a military necessity. The rebels were not wise enough, even then, to give up the contest; and so on the opening of the new year, 1863, that immortal proclamation of emancipation was promptly issued, in which the President used this ever memorable language: "Upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution, upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God."

From that hour, and that great event, a new light dawned upon our cause; and the grand armies of the nation went on from victory to victory, until on the 9th of April, 1865, the long, bitter, and most gigantic war was brought to a close by the final surrender of the rebel army at Appomattox to General Grant.

One of the saddest events connected with the whole war was the death of President Lincoln, at the supreme moment of his great success, when the fearful conflict was over at last, and glorious, happy peace had been

vouchsafed. He, like Moses, led the people and the armies to the sight of the promised land of Peace, Unity, and Liberty; and from the American Pisgah he looked forth but for a single moment, as it were, and then he died; and such a death!

In view of the result of this great war, it is well to call to mind just now the closing words of President Lincoln at his second inauguration, when the contest was at its height: "Yet," said he, "if God wills that the war continue until all the wealth earned by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid by another drawn by the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so it must still be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'" Such solemn language is significant when we remember how great was our sacrifice of human blood and treasure. And was it not poetic justice that the first Union soldiers to enter the proud rebel capital after its evacuation, and the last to fire in Texas the final volley of the war, were of that proscribed race whose enslavement had been the origin of the great conflict?

There is only one more topic, as a part of this eventful history, and as a natural outcome of the work of the Rebellion, to which I wish to allude. I mean the long, distressing period which followed the close of the war, — the financial crisis, — when the high prices and flush times which prevailed during the conflict were so fearfully reversed. This was part and parcel of the work of the South when they resorted to the shock of arms to settle a question which rightfully belonged to the legislative branch of the government for proper adjustment, and which, had it been so left, might have been so much better settled, even though we had bought and paid for all the slaves at a cost of *two billions of dollars.* Such a state of things, when *high* prices became *low* prices, the *flush* times *hard* times; when values of all kinds were unsettled, and real estate became most unreal; when the great industries of the country were crippled in their working, and every kind of business paralyzed, and all this, too, lasting so many long, weary years, — such a state of things, I say, always follows a war or a great speculative enterprise based upon the credit system, when the payment of the

expenses thereof afterwards comes to be met in real money. And as the cost of our war was very great, amounting to about three billions of dollars, the proportionate re-action was alike great and burdensome. How many men and families were reduced from wealth to poverty, from happiness to misery, and how many once enterprising merchants or manufacturers were completely ruined in one way or another! It has been claimed by some political economists, that, had our war been prosecuted upon a gold basis alone, its ultimate cost would have been far less than it was, the end sooner reached, and the consequent re-action much less than what we experienced. I am not sure that such financial philosophers are wrong. But, however it may be in theory, we all know what the country suffered in fact; and may the day indeed be far distant when it shall be called upon to endure any similar suffering!

And what are the inestimable results of our civil war? They are a nation preserved from dismemberment and its attendant evils, the sacred obligations of constitutional government reiterated and firmly established against disunion and forcible secession,

and four millions of human beings lifted from depressing servitude to our rank of equal freedom, equality, and citizenship. And this great work was accomplished by your sacrifices, and by those of the heroes whose memory we this day cherish, and whose graves we fondly decorate.

And the greater was your and their heroism, because of the fortitude, persistency, and valor displayed by many of our brethren on the Confederate side. They were foemen right worthy of your steel; for were they not your brothers? Those of you who were at Gettysburg must well remember that brilliant assault, made by General Pickett's division on General Hancock's position at Cemetery Hill, and again their determined valor so notably shown at Murfreesboro', Cold Harbor, the siege of Vicksburg, and that final retreat from Richmond, where their endurance and valor were truly sublime.

Sleep on, then, brave Soldiers of Liberty and Union, all the more valiant in the judgment of the world, that you met your peers in heroism, and conquered them. And now to my fellow-citizens at large I would urgently say, —

"Cherish the heroes who fought the great battles;
Treat them as kings, if they honor your way;
Succor and comfort the sick and the wounded;
And oh! for the dead let us all kneel and pray!"

In conclusion, then, the history of the war of the Rebellion, if I may employ the language of the brilliant statesman and poet of France, — Lamartine, — "is glorious and sad, as the morrow of a victory and the eve of a battle; but, if it is full of mourning, it is also full of faith. It resembles the Greek drama, in which, while the narrator gives the recital, the chorus of the people sings the glory, bewailing the victims, and raising a sweet hymn of consolation and hope to God."

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